

THE GAZETTE-TIMES

VOL. 35, NO. 38.

HEPPNER, ORE., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1918.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 PER YEAR

JOE MASON WRITES HIS EXPERIENCES

He Has Been Connected With Post-office Department And Spent Most of the Time in England.

We are fortunate this week in being able to present to the readers of this paper three letters from Joe Mason, lone postmaster, who has been in the over-seas service for many months past, being among the first bunch of draftees leaving Heppner. Lately he has been moving about some, and he describes his travels in these letters to his mother and sisters of Ione.

A telegram received by the Ione relatives of Joe on the 18th inst., announcing that he has arrived by transport in New York and was well and happy. He had recently been in the Naval Aviation Corps and stationed at Queenstown, Ireland. Just how soon he will arrive home was not stated in the telegram, and he is likely gone into camp with the rest of the boys at Camp Mills.

Somewhere in Belgium,
Nov. 21, 1918.

Dear Brother and Sister:

I received your letter some time ago, but really haven't had time to write, and knew too, that you could read the letters that I sent home. I have also been sending "Stars and Stripes" home and suppose you read them.

Well the big thing is over now and I am waiting for the time to return, which I think will be quite soon. I have seen a big part of England, and almost more of France than I really cared to. Up to the latter part of September things were very quiet, but from then on, my surroundings were somewhat noisy. I did not get among rifle bullets, but was right under German machine gun fire from aeroplanes, which was none too comfortable. I saw about fifteen days of hard fighting at close range on the other front, but up here they are continually moving back and we scarcely hear anything except for an occasional air bomb. One night air bombs shook the building where I was sleeping, but I have always contended that I didn't have any "number."

I have seen a great many sights which I can better explain when I get home. At present I am on the mail route and travel over a good bit of country, the run extending sixty miles in one direction. The roads are of cobble stones and in very good shape with exception of a few shell holes in them. Sometimes it takes two days to a trip since there is so much traffic and part of the way is only one-way road and the Flanders mud is something fierce.

We have had lovely weather for the last two weeks with the exception of the last couple of days. Some say the temperature has been at zero, and I know it has been very cold.

Well I could tell you a bunch of things, but haven't time so wait in patience and write as often as possible.

With love to all,
JOE.

Iseghem, Belgium,
Nov. 24, 1918.

Dear Mother:

As I have just had supper and the evening is all mine will write you a letter. This is the first letter in which I have been able to state where I am. Will begin right and tell where I have been. I left New York on July 6th and landed in Liverpool on July 17th, went to Southampton to a rest camp for 3 days, took boat across the channel and landed at LaHarve France, was there for two days and took box car or side door pullman for a three days ride through France and landed at Martina Leroy. Took a 22 mile hike to a little town named Varsaignes and was billeted in houses there. We arrived there July 28 and remained until September first when the big move started. We had a box car ride and stopped near St. Mihiel and our division was held in reserve at that place. Of course we were not needed there so we were sent to the Verdun front, arriving there September 26th. It was here that things began to get interesting. Our army didn't do any shooting, but the Huns sent over lots of big shells and of course some made hits. On the night of September 26th, well I can't tell how it sounded and hope I may never hear it again, but at five in the morning our boys went over the top, and the Huns were hard to find except here and there. Of course we lost some too. You no doubt have read of the battles of Argonne Forests and the awful fighting done there, just re-

member that the old 91st Division was right there all the time and sure won herself a name. We left there for a rest camp, but on our way got orders to come to Flanders front, so we traveled another three days on box cars through Rheims, Paris and several other large cities and landed in Belgium at the city of YPRES, a city of ruins, nothing left standing. We then marched 25 miles through a tyrannically devastated country, the old battle field of four and one half years of awful conflict, and through all that twenty odd miles there was not a house nor a tree standing, nothing but a mass of wreckage. We were billeted in a church in the little town of Oosnewkirk. From here the Division went into five days battle and then three days rest, then we moved up to the town where we are at present and went into action again and were just ready to go over the top when peace was signed and I tell you there was some happy bunch.

Will tell you more later and hope to be home by Xmas.

Love from your son,
JOE.

Iseghem, Belgium.

November 27, 1918.

Dear Mother and All:

As I have time tonight will write you. I suppose you are fixing things for dinner tomorrow. I can guess who killed the turkey. Well I wish I could be with you, but as I am, I am thankful to be where I am, and I will have a good dinner too, no turkey, nor chicken but perhaps roast beef or mutton, nothing fancy at the most. I have no regular place of eating. You see as I travel on the mail truck I know most of the cooks along the line and eat just where ever I can get my head in.

We are moving out of Belgium and expect to be near Paris for some time. We have been in Belgium a month. We came to Belgium by way of Dunkirk France, got off the train at a little station named St. Jean, the terminal of the railroad, which at one time was a little town the size of Heppner, all that is left now is the sign. We stayed over night there. As transportation was scarce I had to walk the next morning with the troops. My pack was about double weight and after five miles of struggling I was forced to fall out and rest my arms. Of course the others marched right on and I was left alone with my weariness. However, after a few minutes of rest I proceeded along the way at a much slower pace, and finally overtook a pal or rather Jim Numan, a chap just my size but with a still larger pack.

We moved along on our own speed, seeing the sights. The first town we came to was Ypres, a town that had been about 50,000 population, and now just a few walls, not a roof in the place. However, there are a great many interesting things there. We ate our lunch, which consisted of hardtack and a one-half pound bar of chocolate and went on our way. We came upon a wheelbarrow in the grave yard of a small town, and as our packs were quite heavy we were glad to unload on it and proceed on thru the mud. We met some French officers who told us it was the first time they had ever seen soldiers go to battle with wheelbarrows, so they hailed a "Lairie" for us and we got aboard. We rode about four miles and the thing turned off the wrong way and we were obliged to take to our heels again without knowing where we wanted to go, but a Belgian M. P. told us which way he saw Yanks going so we followed three hours behind, and mind you, both rain and darkness were falling and we had ten miles to go. We walked on for about three miles and came to cross roads and were lost. But with some luck thru the fog and darkness we discovered a light which led us to a bunch of Belgian soldiers, some officers pumping information from Hunnish prisoners and a bunk for the night, which consisted of a dugout three feet deep and eight feet square and covered with boards and about six inches of leaking mud. We awoke early the next morning and after crawling out of our wet bunks and swallowing a little coffee and hardtack, proceeded joyfully on our way, and by sheer luck we were on the right track finding our camp and one of our old friends with whom we went up town or what was left of Oosnewkirk. Even the country about here is all practically ruined, the ground is full of holes, the trees are all cut away, such is the effect for twenty miles around, even the railroads, merely a mass of tangled iron, either all blown to pieces or carried away.

I expect this will do for awhile, and from now on I can name all places and tell you everything and will send you cards every day. I sent a lot of Xmas cards for you and the girls all in one letter and hope you get them.

Well I am tired and have done a lot of writing so will close, with love and best wishes,
JOE.

THE WAY THEY WOULD ALL LIKE TO LAND



John Sheridan Dies.

John Sheridan, for a number of years engaged in the sheep business in Morrow county, and who was taken to the Heppner Sanatorium early last week, suffering from an attack of influenza, died at that institution at 1:30 a. m. Saturday. Funeral services were held at 2 p. m. on Monday, Rev. P. J. O'Rourke, pastor of St. Patrick's Church officiating.

Spencer Crawford, foreman of this shop, departed Tuesday morning for Camp Lewis, Wash., where he goes to be mustered out of the service. He has been connected with the local draft board at Heppner for the past three months, acting in capacity of clerk. The end of the war now releases him of this duty.

Wrist Watches Afloat.

Wrist watches at sea, with their luminous dials, are at once a convenience, a safeguard and a puzzle. You can tell the time without a light. When you walk along the deck at night you can hold your forearm so that the dial glows in the sight of all who are passing along the deck and thus prevent collisions. If you don't play up your wrist watch, you are supposed to whistle "sweet and low" in the dark as you pass along. But if you are not passing along the deck, only lingering along the deck rail, and are fortunate in having one of the few women who are crossing as your companion in that lingering, your luminous dial at rest on the deck rail is apt to wreck the wonderful sense of seclusion that darkened decks give these war times. One heartless patrol a trip or two ago stepped to the rail and asked a dismayed subaltern not to have his wrist watch "quite so far around," whatever that meant, because it might be detected by a submarine.—Nelson Collins in the Century Magazine.

DOING LONDON IN SPLINTS AND BATH TUB



Doing London in "splints and a bath tub" is not so bad as it sounds. It is one of the many methods used to entertain wounded Yank doughboys in American hospitals in London when they are able to about. That side car on the motor cycle can be a mighty comfortable "bath tub," say Pershing's heroes. Then, too, they feel they are not rushed back to America without seeing a few sights other than a back view of running Germans.

INCREASE CHARGES OF GRAZING PERMITS

SECRETARY ANNOUNCES NEW RATES IN EFFECT ON MARCH 1 NEXT

Granting of Five-Year Permits Where Conditions Warrant Authorized—Reasons for Higher Fees Discussed in Statement.

Secretary Houston, believing that further suspension of the increase in national forest grazing fees first decided on in 1916, is no longer justified, has announced new rates to go into effect March 1, 1919. Effective at the same time, he has authorized the granting of 5-year grazing permits where the conditions warrant and such permits are desired by the stockmen.

"In accordance with the conclusion reached by me on February 1, 1917," Secretary Houston has informed the stockmen through letters to their two national associations, "that the charge for grazing should be based upon the real value of the forage. I have decided that beginning March 1, 1919, the charge for grazing upon the national forests during the year-long period will be from \$0.80 to \$1.50 per head for cattle, varying with the advantages of the different ranges. The rate for sheep and goats on each forest will be 25 per cent of the rate for cattle. The rate for horses will be 25 per cent more than for cattle and the rate for swine 25 per cent less. The proportionate charge for grazing during only a part of each year will be in accordance with the provisions of the national forest regulations."

War Delayed Action.

The original plan was to advance grazing fees 33 1-3 per cent a year for three years, beginning in 1914, but on account of the disturbed conditions which confronted the stockmen that year the advance made was only 25 per cent; while a year later the emergency situation created by the war led Secretary Houston to suspend temporarily the further carrying out of the plan.

"I am not unmindful of the difficulties which still exist," he says, "but under the circumstances it seems unwise to defer action further on this important problem."

Regarding the authorization of five-year permits, Secretary Houston, after noting the fact that the stockmen have from time to time urged the issuance of such permits, not subject to reduction except for violation of their terms or to stop damage to the forest or range, as a means of stabilizing the live-stock industry, goes on to say:

"On several of the forests applications have already been approved for permits during a five-year period subject to an annual reduction of 5 per cent to provide for the issuance of permits to new settlers, in addition to such reduction as might be necessary to prevent damage to the forest."

"It appears that while the stockmen are ready to subject themselves to whatever restrictions are necessary for the welfare of the forest from the standpoint of timber production or other primary purposes for which the land was set aside, yet the possibility of the 5 per cent annual reduction proves an embarrassment to them. It is appreciated that the assurance of continued use of the range for a specific number of animals during a term of years would undoubtedly tend to greater stability of the industry and encourage the handling of business in a way to increase the quantity and improve the quality of the live stock and would also enable a better administration of the range itself."

Other Factors Considered.

"On a considerable portion of the National Forests we have reached the point where permits for a period of five years can be put into effect without difficulty. On certain other forests we are not in a position to grant five-year permits for more than a portion of the stock at present upon them, because there is serious question whether there is not new more stock than can be carried permanently without injury to the forest. There is also the extra stock which has been taken care of as a war emergency, some of which we will not be able to continue, and for that reason should not be included under five-year permits."

"The issuance of annual permits will be continued where reductions are necessary to insure against overstocking or where this may be required for any other reason. The plan is progressively to bring about

a more secure tenure of the grazing privileges through the issuance of five-year permits as fast as this can be done in consideration of the various public interests involved."

Will Locate in Heppner.

Dr. C. C. Chick, of Ione, has rented the John Kinsman property in East Heppner and will move into the same at once with his family. Dr. Chick, who has enjoyed a splendid practice at Ione, will take over the practice of Dr. Winnard at this city. He comes here with a reputation that is well earned, having been a resident of the county for about 14 years past, during which time he has had offices at Hardman, Lexington and Ione, and his success in these fields is sufficient recommendation that he will make good in this larger field. Dr. Chick and his family will be made welcome in Heppner, where they are already well known, and this paper bespeaks for the doctor a splendid practice here.

Chopped His Thumb.

While cutting kindling Sunday morning, Frank Gilliam had the misfortune of cutting off the end of his thumb on the left hand. He was using a double bladed axe which came in contact with the clothes line overhead, causing the tool to deflect with disastrous results. The thumb was entirely severed diagonally across the first joint, the severed part hanging by a slight piece of skin. He gathered up the remains and hustled to the home of Dr. McMurdo, where he injury was repaired, the doctor using nine stitches to hold the severed parts of the thumb together.

Brother Dies in Nebraska.

Mrs. H. E. Storm received word on Monday notifying her of the death of a brother, David Rosen, of Oakland, Nebraska. Mrs. Storm departed for Oakland on Tuesday morning, not expecting to reach there in time for the funeral, but to be of assistance to her brother's family in this hour of bereavement. Mr. Rosen was a victim of influenza and was in a hospital at Lincoln, Neb., at the time of his death, and had been receiving treatment for rheumatism when he contracted influenza.

A 10 1/2 pound son arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Hill in this city on the 24th inst. The young man came at a rather inopportune time, his mother, father and other members of the family being sick with the flu. Mrs. Hill and the baby are doing quite well now at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Andrews, and Mr. Hill and the other children are improving. Mrs. Hill's mother arrived last evening to help care for the stricken family.

We understand that a deal was closed this week whereby G. A. Wilcox takes over the D. C. Wells place just west of Heppner. Mr. Wilcox early in the fall disposed of his alfalfa farm at Jordan Siding to Laxton McMurray, and since that time he and Mrs. Wilcox have been living at Ione, and looking about for another home. We are glad they will become permanent residents of this place again.

Harold Cohn reached home on Monday from the Norfolk, Va., navy yard, giving his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Phil Cohn, somewhat of a surprise. Harold was specializing in the radio section and had enlisted for four years, but the end of the war made it possible for him to get a release. He has enjoyed the service but is glad to be home again.

Mr. and Mrs. John Woodward of Ione, spent the week-end in Heppner. Having recently disposed of their Butter creek ranch, they expect to move to a new home in the Spring, going perhaps to either Hermiston or Stanfield, where they will get a small alfalfa farm and be near a good school.

James Walter Yeager arrived home last evening from San Francisco and will spend a short visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Yeager. He has been in the radio service, working for a large steamship company of San Francisco, for the past two years and more, and this is his first home.

With the exception of a few spots here and there, Heppner had a White Christmas, there being a light fall of snow during the week with the thermometer gradually dropping toward the neighborhood of zero.

Laverne Van Marter returned from Portland the first of the week. He has been at work in the metropolis for some time past.

Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Whetstone are in Pendleton this week, to remain until after the Christmas holidays.